



THE REGISTER

# THE REGISTER

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# Young at Arts

Young at Arts, the educational outreach program of The Wang Center for the Performing Arts, has succeeded in involving 40,000 people in the performing and visual arts during the past three years. The main intent of Young at Arts is to involve school children in the performing and visual arts - as performers, as painters, and as audience. A variety of workshops and performances by local and national artists are conducted in public schools and at The Wang Center. A second purpose of the program is to provide tickets at a reduced price to those in financial need - children, the elderly, and the physically challenged. Through "Art by Kids," the annual art contest, the City of Boston has begun a cultural exchange with the city of Amsterdam, sharing the artwork of students from both cities and planning additional concerts and exhibits.

## DRAMA CLUB

More than 40 high school students from throughout the Boston area have attended sessions of the Young at Arts Drama Club, which began meeting in the fall. Students have brought enthusiasm, commitment, and many ideas to the theater on Monday afternoons. Although the work is primarily improvisational, a production is scheduled for the end of this season.

Established teachers of acting in the Boston area lead drama workshops on Monday afternoons from 3:30 to 5 p.m. at The Wang Center. The only requirement for membership is an interest in acting. All high school students are welcome.

Spring sessions are scheduled for March 4, March 11, March 18, March 25, April 1, April 8, April 22, April 29, and May 6.

Young at Arts and the City of Boston's Office of Arts and Humanities will offer a literary contest, "Words by Kids," for the first time this spring. Students, grades 9-12, in Boston and surrounding communities are invited to participate. The theme of the contest, as suggested by high school students, is "Heroism: Heroes and Anti-Heroes." Deadline for submissions is April 15.

Words  
by  
Kids

The outstanding panel of judges includes: Gail Caldwell, journalist and book editor of the Boston Globe; Ivan Gold, novelist and teacher; Gail Mazur, poet and teacher; Peter Mehegan, WCVB television host and journalist; Pam Moore, WBZ television anchor and journalist; Lloyd Schwartz, poet, classical music editor of the Boston Phoenix, and teacher; Robert Stone, novelist; Lester Strong, WHDH television anchor and journalist; Nancye Tuttle, Lowell Sun journalist and teacher; Dan Wakefield, novelist and journalist; and Bill Weber, arts managing editor of the Boston Herald.

*For more information about Young at Arts, call 482-9393.*



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EDITOR'S NOTE

I've got to write it down.  
But writing's too long,  
It takes too much time.  
Ideas are fast,  
They come then they go  
There's no time to write.  
But I've got to record it  
Get it on video, get it on tape  
Something, anything  
Just get it down  
Cause if I don't write it down  
If I don't record it  
If I don't save it someday...anyway-

Then I have to repeat it  
And if I repeat it...I change it:  
Something is lost,  
Something important  
Something integral.  
Something that should *not be lost*.  
So I've got to get it down the first time  
And keep it down, *pure*  
Retaining the magic of creation  
The spark of inspiration  
The madness of prose  
And it's got to be *written* down  
Recorded for posterity  
Leaving my mark  
Just something, Just *anything*  
For someone, For *anyone* to remem  
ber me by  
Cause once I'm dead  
If I didn't write it down, who's gonna  
know?  
Who's going to know what I thought

what I felt  
what I knew  
what I loved  
what I hated  
what I did  
what I couldn't  
what I wanted  
what I believed  
what I was

(And who's gonna care?)  
But I'll *make* them remember  
Can't let them forget  
Make them care  
Make them wonder.

I *will* write it down  
I can't say it **takes too long**  
Cause how long does it take  
When compared to my grave?

(But I haven't yet...)

by Colin Riley  
(not an editor.)



I am six years old. It's May and it's springtime. I am sitting at the kitchen table with my two brothers and Mum. My oldest brother Sean has a friend over for dinner. Jimmy is from the old neighborhood and was Sean's best friend before we moved. We're having 'dogs and beans. I like my hot dogs boiled and Jimmy likes his fried. I think it's funny, almost as funny as his big ears. It is late afternoon, around four or five o'clock. Da isn't home from work yet. He will come home later and make himself a martini.

Jimmy is telling Sean and my other brother Tim a dirty joke. They are whispering and they don't think I can hear them.

I tell Mum about school today. I begin to tell her that we had hot dogs at school today, too, and I spill the beans on my fuzzy pink bathrobe. That bathrobe used to reach my toes but now it only reaches my ankles. The phone rings.

My mom answers. I can't reach the phone unless I stand on the brown wooden stool with the white paint splatters on it.

She talks a little but then stops. My brothers stop talking, too. Mum is crying now. She tells us that Grandma and Grandpa have been hit by a car. They were walking their dog around the block and were hit at the top of our street. Da is at the hospital, but they still won't wake up. My aunts are there, too. But I can't go. I am still so young, I can't even reach the phone without steps.

Jimmy's face turns red all the way up to his big ears. I think he is embarrassed to see Mum cry. I look at Tim and Sean. They look back at me, so I look at my food. I try to take another big bite of my hot dog, but I can't swallow it, so I spit it out in the garbage.

I want to go see them and show them how I can tie my shoes, but Mum says no.

"They know you can tie your shoes," she tells me. I want to tell them about school today. I want to tell them how Tim and Sean climbed onto the garage roof last week when no one was looking. Mum still says no. I want to tell them about school today and Mum has to drive me there. This time, Mum just looks at me and I am embarrassed as Jimmy to see her wet face. Mum doesn't cry. She didn't cry when we took Kitty to the vet and she had cancer and we had to leave her there. Mum doesn't cry when she gets a bee sting. But Mum is crying now. I bite my lip so hard it bleeds.

I tell her I will go myself. I go to the door and try to unlock the door, but I can't. I kick the door. Then I remember I am wearing my pink bathrobe. Grandma told me that one cannot go outside in her pajamas. So instead I go into the living room, lie down on the couch and cry.

Beth Moloney



Copley

It is 11:00 at night. Truffle and I are sitting on the Copley steps in front of the library. She didn't want to go home tonight so I offered to be with her. We decided to stay outside in the open air where we could be free, but at the same time we wanted to be near lights. She is cold and I wrap the green blazer tighter around her. She has her head on my lap, and I softly stroke the stubble. It is growing long, but I know by the end of the week it will be closely shaven again or a new color.

We are silent for a long time. Then I hear her speaking in the dark. "I never saw it coming. We were the perfect family. They fought more than usual near the end, now that I think about it, but I was young. Anyway, parents fight all the time, right? It's been two years now, but it hurts just as much. We had regular strolls along Hull, and had perfect dinners...everything was perfect. I cherished those moments so much. was happy." She stops. "After the divorce, I was the strong one. I comforted everyone's tears, and they all said 'My, how well she's

holding up!' But who comforted my pain? And I held it all in for so long that now it's unbearable!" She almost begins to cry. "Now my mom and I fight all the time. I hate her. I can't breathe around her. I love my dad, but he's in Hull. He's so far away. We never see each other, but when we do, he makes me my favorite dishes and reads me poetry before I fall asleep like the old days. But I hate it when he's drunk. And Tristan, my brother, is never home. I didn't understand why, now I understand perfectly. I hardly go home either." She looks up at me. "I've rattled on again, haven't I?"

I smile and answer, "You know I understand. Come on, we can get hot chocolate. It's getting cold."

She squeezes my hands. "No, let's stay out here for a few more minutes. I promise I'll shut up."

—when there is silence, friends need not speak—

Anonymous



"I AM"

I am...

I am the blend of Bambucos and Guaranias

Paisas and Pampeños

I am of the white mandioca and emeralds  
of sweet mamon, piranas in coral  
of hot chipa for sale in the streets of Asuncion

in me is the nanduti of an imprisoned  
spider

home is a place with ripe mangos  
home is an ambay tree with olive leaves  
and a trunk the color of slate

I am...

My heritage is in the baskets of sweet  
bread

the children carry on their heads  
in the old woman's fingernails  
in the ruby of the dirt

and

the clank of the well's pail...

My heritage lies in the seas of pampas  
grass  
in the glaciers of Tierra del Fuego  
in the waterfalls of a hidden paradise

and

the flutter of azure butterflies  
My land is of rich coffee and endless  
mountains  
where mules pass by and trails cross  
I am...

My tradition is the chant of the Indian  
the dance of their vermillion and greens,  
violets  
their worship of the sun, the trees, the  
animals

My tradition is the strength of the gaucho  
his boots, his belt, his hat  
the mate he sips at dawn  
the sizzle of asado on an open fire...

My tradition is the elegance and romance  
of a tango  
and the old shops of Buenos Aires  
the tune of a harp  
and  
the strings of a guitar  
the wild orchid  
and  
red roses of Pico Blanco  
the tongue of Guarani...

I am...

the struggle  
of  
my people.

Norma C. Acebedo-Rey class III



## father

My dad has grown more aloof of late. He is aging without grace because he works like a beast seven days a week. He slips around the house with a glassy expression.

The only pleasure he relishes is wrapped up in the casement of whisky and vodka bottles. "...lie still little bottle...sing my favorite song..." Dad hardly becomes drunk or violent. He is a silent drinker. Many times, I peer out the window onto the porch where he stands like a sculpture. Dad watches the sky and the serene display of sunset colors. He inhales his cigarette and exhales the smoke in sensuous swirls. "... (i thinking to have remembered how you were beautiful) this cigarette, when inhaled, produces a mystery like scented angels, joking in a sharp soft row..." No matter how hard I tried to be close to my dad, he always held me at a comfortable distance. He preferred the intangible father figure concept.

I can remember distinctly one exceptional moment. He was quite intoxicated, which made him jovial and odorous. I was sprawled out on the living room floor. He crouched towards me; his face was a glowing crimson and his breath a revolting stink. He smiled and his eyes were dreamy. In broken English, he uttered, "You are my little girl...very, very beautiful." Dad chuckled to himself and stumbled into his room.

I quickly went into mine and stared at the ragged carpet in disbelief. My eyes stung with tears that never fell.

—Anonymous

## Ivan

My friend Ivan says he's gone crazy and back.

"Oh have you?" I said.

And he said, "Yes, many times."

"How was the trip?"

"Well, let's see... it's almost inexplicable. It's sort of like when you're flying a kite and the clouds clear and it suddenly begins to sun and it's sweltering hot- so hot you wonder if you'll ever be cool enough, even if you undress yourself to the bone - but then suddenly you get hit by a rainbow bolt- the kite does, that is, and you feel the jolt, wake up from your state of delirium, and run to the window to feel the icy wind on your face and the raindrops -

"Stop!" I yell, " How depressing! You...you make crazy sound so ...good. It's a sickness."

"But what is a sickness?"

"An altered state that deteriorates the well-being of an entity."

"Does what I've just described to you sound like a sickness?"

"It all depends."

"On what?"

"Do we have to go into this?"

"Yes! Now what does it depend on?"

"It depends on whether or not this entity is always in rainbow land, getting hit with rainbow bolts, causing the person to be inattentive to the problems placed before him."

"Right, but did I say that Crazy was a place to dwell? No. I merely said that I've been there a couple of times. Uh-huh. I rest my case."

Ivan stamped the table with his fist.

"All I requested was that you tell me what crazy was like, your having been there and all."

"Every so often."

"Whenever."

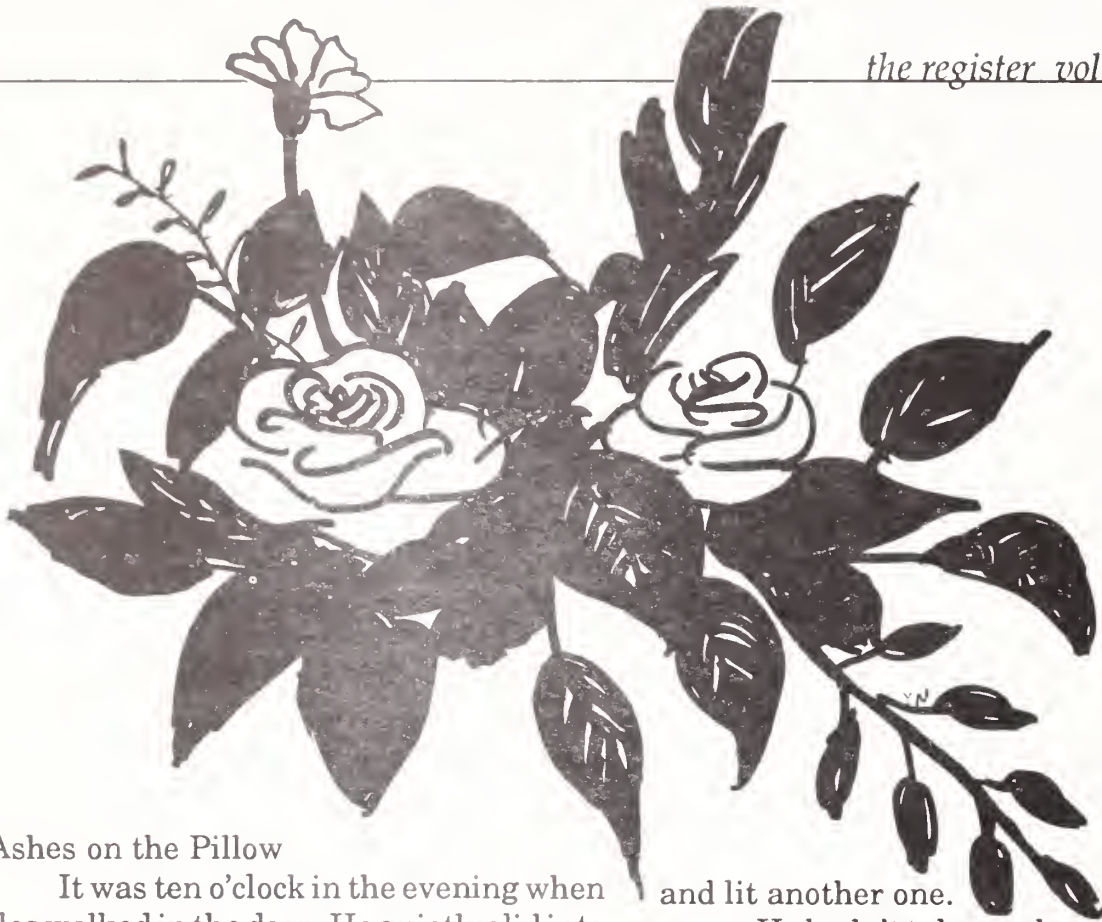
"Still wanna go crazy?"

"I realize I've been there already. And you know what?"

"What"

"I'm coming home."

—Crystal Coleman



### Ashes on the Pillow

It was ten o'clock in the evening when Jules walked in the door. He quietly slid into his room, hoping his mother would not notice. Whenever they saw each other lately, they argued. He couldn't deal with her. He couldn't deal with anything.

His room was dark. He liked it that way. He fell down on the mattress on the floor and lit a cigarette. He couldn't stand everyone telling him to quit: his mother, commercials, even his girlfriend. He loved the way it felt between his fingers and between his lips. And the grey smoke twisting in the dark. Sometimes Jules just watched the cigarette, mesmerized by the red, burning end. It was so animated and passionate, opposite of what he was.

Jules had skipped school that day. He was failing most of his classes. Besides, he couldn't stand the boredom. He glanced at a mound of books in the corner of the room and considered flipping through them, maybe even attempting to catch up on the work. But he just took one last puff on his cigarette

and lit another one.

He hadn't taken a shower for quite a while. The oil was making his hair stick to his scalp and he smelled like a wet sock. He felt confined and greasy. It was a feeling of dissatisfaction. An annoyance that he could easily fix but was too blasé to do so. He laughed because that was how he felt about everything. His life, mother, and school. Like not washing. Feeling dirty and frustrated all the time. The filth increasing all over him, penetrating his insides. The ashes and the darkness choking him.

Jules sprang up from his bed. He threw the pack of cigarettes down and flicked on the lights. He went to the bathroom, stood over the toilet, and watched the yellow-lime liquid crash into the bowl. He had a sudden impulse to take a bath. Jules stepped into the bathtub, ready to feel clean again.

—Anonymous



*fragments from a longer story: getting on.*

(the following is excerpted from some thin fiction, finished by me some time ago. I hesitate to call it a 'story' and don't want to call it a conscious confession. I have been told that it gets a bit preachy at times, and have just tried to present what I feel is the best writing of the piece, leaving the ugly bits and most of the we-have-to-get-him-from-this-place-to-that narrative out. I realize that it begins rather abruptly. I apologize for that and hope, for my sake, it retains some of the *feel* if not a whit of the continuity of the longer work.)

I

He was a bad student until he tripped himself up with one realization: when you do your homework all of a sudden it's done and if you don't it'll never get that way. Learning really is secondary to this. It took him six long years in a school where they suspend you a day when you get caught hooking one for him to figure that out.

And it didn't occur to him getting high on hasheesh and Heffenreffer forty-ounces everyday on the banks of the Charles. It didn't occur to him with his six o'clock hangover helmetless on the back of a drunk drinking buddy's motorcycle getting a ride home, and really leaning in on the turns. It didn't occur to him puking last night's egg rolls in this morning's American Standard after taking a dusty swig off a two-liter jolt left open all night in some girl's house where he had stayed the night after being rolled and whacked by some twenty Puerto Rican kids with golf clubs, and he had started that fight. It didn't occur to him while dancing around some Right Side Army racist skinheads who by the grace of some god decided that "Now was not the time!" to

wreak their havoc on the Sharpie kid's fragile bones. It didn't occur to him watching his best (at the time) friend's face being pummelled and smacked by fourteen kids with what seemed like fifty fists and he couldn't do anything about it because they had thrown the kid in his lap and Jesus they kept him there so he just barely squinted when a drop of blood flew into his eyes. It didn't come to him running from the cops in the dark early morning after depositing some stolen LTD in a parking lot with the engine running and doors flung open after Micheal had tried teaching him how to do three-sixty skids with the parking brake (but he was too drunk to understand) and not being able to sleep all night because his heart wouldn't stop hammering at his chest. It couldn't occur to him sprinting from the Sachem Street weekly keg party (where once some vindictive chick had tried to burn his eye out with a cigarette while he was crammed in the beer line with so many kids like the middle page of a Dickens novel making motions suggesting she shave his upper lip (just a little) and the Camel came so painfully close but the mark under his eyebrow never scarred and he had wished it would) sprinting after coming down from some idyllic mushroom or acid trip then smoking something that threw him back up so fast the house came alive but all his friends died and he barrelled over corpses frozen in the strobe light while NWA throbbed at him and laughed and shot at him from the vicious sound system they had all at one point thought of stealing, found himself spit out on the street somehow leaving his plastic cup inside when the "doorman" asked him to and then the sidewalk came rushing up to meet him so he could recuperate in the rain for a while and get ready to embark on the most brutal hallucination yet that landed him safe at home swearing silently to pictures in some

magazine or catalogue that he would never trip again never ever if they would please *please* stop laughing at him when he wasn't looking.

He probably figured it out after having spent some time in his room or at the library or dining room table, doing homework. And isn't that just so boring.

...His life seems so tame and boring now that he doesn't turn round the corner of the old Copley Library every summer teenage night to a crowd of maybe forty, sixty kids and glittering shards of beer glass where the drink war stories are being told while the drink war stories unfold. But that was some time ago. And even before he left that scene for finer things the glamour and the mystique were gone and every night was a stale re-run of the last but at least he had that identity to carry around with him that added slitted glare to his eyes and shock to his hair and convinced him that he was somebody super special for living this alternative lifestyle as full as he could. But after a while nothing could convince him he wasn't miserable. And now the only tool he has to forge an identity with is himself...

## II

He remembers a day once when he was late to school and didn't know exactly what time it was or where exactly he was supposed to be, aimlessly wandering the halls with late pass in hand. (As he remembers the incident he's not toting his school bag, but this was probably not the case.) He wandered on through doors opening on to one of the stairwells. Then, from the landing, he saw her shape shuffling up the stairs, her head hanging on her chest. She must have sensed his presence—she looked up immediately, pulling her bleached hair gently back from her eyes. She saw him where he was standing and smiled. She

seemed to sway up the rest of the way with thin arms outstretched. They hugged, grasped each other. Wordlessly. He could feel her smooth white breast pressed against his and his blood rose. Then, in school, their lips could come softly together and their tongues could meet and his hand could stroke her cheek. To him she was always the perfect one (especially when he couldn't have her which, with their off-and-on warfare, was often) and it seemed then as if she always would be.

"God I've missed you so much baby," she might have said in a whisper, and he would have known then that she was still his and that she loved him and he her and felt *safe*.

"Me too, Special."

She was slender and beautiful. His *type*. Fair, lightly freckled skin. She had clear clear blue eyes, with a perennial "come hither" look that annoyed him terribly in company.

And it's times like this that he remembers—a chance meeting in the halls of a boy and his girl for a kid who hopes (and fears) even now that everyone he might bump into will be her—although he hasn't seen her in months and knows that it would be better for them both if they never see each other again. But he's in this melancholy world much more comforting in its sweet sorrow that the real one, where memories are like sad movies: bittersweet and poignant and all that crap and playing all the time and now he's forty-one before he's twenty.

But now that picture evolves, with a little effort, into another, and: years ago (it seems) he was at the girl's house on some sort of twisted double date, sitting next to his best friend and across from her and her's. She was sitting on her father's lap and drinking homemade wine or maybe vodka straight.



"Isn't he cute, papa? Look at him. Isn't he?"

"Yes, very cute," as he took a swig from the priceless Corona (only the very best) that the kid had taken so much impressive trouble to get. Just to *taste* it, but there it went.

And he looked at the father and his (their) girl and their drunken eyes and looked to his left at his friend's and he felt the drunkenness closing in on his own. "This is great!" he thought. But time had passed and the relationship progressed and they knew each other now (at the time he thought so but he woke up one morning a few mornings ago and in a teary flash knew that if he had at all he had hardly known her, but all that got him was the vain wish to now go and *get* to know her at last) and it was hinted in the air that maybe sometime somewhere some alcoholic sick sick daddy did something he wasn't supposed to do to his baby girl and one night she said to the kid, "You're growing hair on you chest, my father has hair on his chest," and he looked at the guy's picture on her wall a little more carefully this time and started to notice a vague resemblance and then it was time to get the hell out of *there*. But that night was supposed to be the best night he would ever have and he couldn't just *leave* so he f—ked it up instead by getting crazy and brutal on her when he was supposed to be reading Burroughs to her (interesting choice, really) or watching some soppy feelgood movie and holding her and hugging her and then. Both of them had wanted it to work out so so bad but it was all over by that point and then, exhausted at the end of confused rage, he sat down on the bed for a second, just to straighten his head out because his mind was going wildfire just like so many other nights (but a sip or a hit would always take care of that...no relief this time) and he woke up the next morning like magic be-

cause he knew he had sat down only for a second and there she was asleep next to him, pained and troubled in pearly white skin and black lingere. She had scratched her left forearm up with a pin during the night. Scratches like the scratches he had seen before and asked about and she would always tell him her cat had made them and he would always believe her but by now it had all clicked together and he knew. He **knew**. And if only she wasn't so f—ked up and if only he could fix all that, because even now so far removed he thinks he still might love her and wants only the best for them and if only he could get into that mind and fix it for a while and make every thing OK.

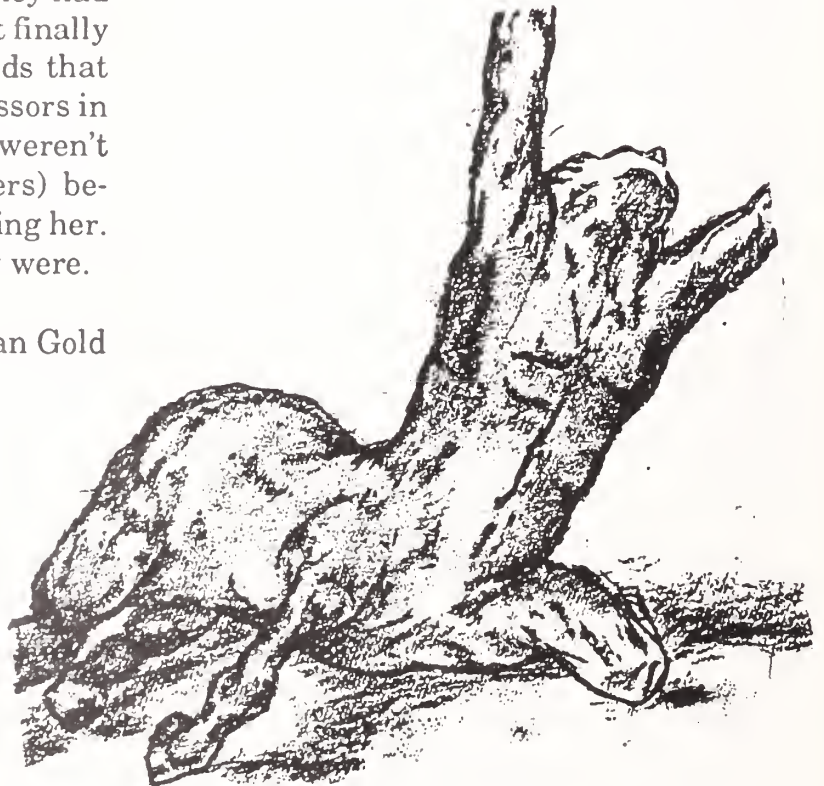
But he can't. And how very sad that makes him.

### III

...[he tilts his head back and closes his eyes] and there he is somehow in Montreal with the "Super Sex" signs and the airplane tickets and hotel rooms and all his friends and baggage about him and this is what it was to be grownup and on your own and crazy with no one watching over you at last and the Queen Elizabeth looks as if it had sunk two mil into the lobby for those flashy brochure pics but the rooms were cheap little cubicles. He had organized this booze cruise of eight himself and picked the Queen E mostly because it was a two block walk down to the other hotel where the lowly school trip was staying and his girlfriend was there and there were two liquor stores in between so when he finally got there he could pass out for a while with Labatt's 50 or Labatt's Bleue still in hand. Once he had brought five dollar flowers to her room to apologize for that and thought about taking the gesture a step farther by taking her on one of those romantic horse and buggy rides around the city (the ones he

saw driving around but could never find)...but that never happened. She had broken up with him there after a call from a friend took him out of the bed they were about to share and he dressed and left without ever asking her if she wanted to come (he *knew* she wouldn't). The boys had finally found the Rising Sun and he heard the best reggae there he had ever heard and smoked some bowls that made him cry and dance when the mystical Canadian Rasta got up and sang and that was not an experience to pass up nohow. And they drank in bars and they drank in strip joints and how weird and revolting the peepshows were and that song playing in the Thunderdome when he saw her grinding vindictively with Ben (and why didn't he learn how to dance so he could get back at her for those things) would ever after evoke the image of the place like acrid smoke inside and they had a crazy night that night and when it finally came to a head she said those words that felt like a slap and sounded like scissors in the dark. And his no, no, no, no's weren't very heartfelt (but later his fingers) because he wasn't even close to believing her. And back in Boston he wished they were.

-Ian Gold



## Anatomy of a School Day.

I walk in. 7:52. Relief. I close my eyes. Open them.

"Is it over yet?" Of course not.

8:10. Take a test. Just the facts man. **Rote.** Why?

It's learning. Thinking on your own kills brain cells.

Shut up. Fill in the little bubbles. Bubbles. #2 pencil.

Don't have one. Not prepared.

Heathen.

Test over. Sleep. Dream. Dream of coffee. Coffee. Why not?

Oh yeah, It's a drug.

The bell rings. A snooze alarm for two thousand scholars.

Locker time. Down the corridor

I see a man. A kaleidoscope on a power trip. I escape.

Bathroom.

I look in the mirror at myself. I look as bad as I feel.

**Good.**

New class. Same thing. I vomit the answers to the test.

Regurgitation. It's learning. **Really.**

Teacher. After class.

"You've got a good headonyourshouldersRoblahblahblahblah **youshouldbe**blahblahblahblah  
A'sblahblahblahbla**Harvard**blah."

I know. I know.

Walking to class I feel like a kid on a merry-go round. The problem is I don't want to golden ring.

It's just gold paint. Why doesn't everyone see that?

New teacher. New class. Different. I learn. I want to.

This man *cares*. Not so much about results. Numbers. He cares  
about us. As human beings. We have **emotions. Personalities.**

No one seems to remember that. He does. One of a select few.

I leave. Leaving behind a welcome view of humanity at work.

New class. Teacher. **Ogre.**

Misdemeanor marks. "Oh no! Anything but that."

He brings out the wiseass in me.

**"Larsen!shutupbeforeBLAHBLAHBLAHBLAHBLAHBLAHwriteyouupBLAH  
BLAHBLAHBLAHBLAHBLAH!!!!!!"**

I feel like a computer.

I give exactly what I am given. This man gives me anger.

Hostility. Like the only way I will learn is if he beats the knowledge into me. Force feeding. It's  
learning. **Really.**

**Lunch.**

Beat the clock. You better brown bag it. Convicts eat better.

(there's an analogy even I won't touch)

I WANT COFFEE!!!!!!!!!!!! oh, I forgot, it's a drug.

Decaf then? no that would make sense.

Class. "Blahblahblahblahblah**MR.LARSENWAKEUP**blahblahblah."

Class. Watch the clock. 1:52. 1:53. 1:54. 1:55. B-flat. **Freedom.**

Out. Tobacco road. Sami's. Home. Work. Whatever. Make the most  
of the sixteen hours until the abysmal cycle repeats itself.

I sleep. Dream. Seven long years. Graduation. Freedom.

**RRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIINNNNNGGGG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

6:30 I'm awake. I close my eyes. I open them. "Is it over yet?"

**Of course not.**

--- Robert Larson



A Sitting

I

On the porch in two blue chairs,  
My mouth smacking on a cigarette or two  
and the shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
of the tires drag racing up the hill.

("Four tires and a  
radio make a car  
Jack! But does the  
radio play tapes?")

The sky is solid and we're out there  
on the porch, smacking on a cigarette or two  
and listening to the  
shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHhhhhhhhh  
that the tires and the pavement are making  
and listening to the Word from  
Kerouacs and Hendrixes and Minguses and,  
once in a while

— each other.

Pit. Pat. Plat.  
Pitpitpit. Patpupatpat. Pat.  
The slow motion sounds on the porch. Et cetera.  
Et cetera.

Sitting on the porch listening to drippings and  
smelling Chinese food  
from down the street,  
Our streams of troubled conciousness  
unfolding in these verbal rhythms like bad  
poetry.

II

Coca-Cola Classic, under the table, is  
pouring down our throats and into our stomachs  
and  
bladders  
and then down into the toilet  
and then down into the open sewers collecting  
with rain  
smiling in million's of U's down the steep steep  
hill  
where J.J. wants to use to live.

III

Pitpitpit. Pupatpatpat, pupupumatplatpit  
"she sucks and she's stupid but

that one is cute and intelligent  
and really really cold and he's:  
Lalalalalalalala."

("We're individuals!" says Jack so  
profound-like  
you mighta thought he was the only cat  
who'd ever said that -  
and really meant it.)

IV

Later on the dryer rumbles and a  
pen says  
shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
on some paper and maybe the  
washer mumbles  
a little with a  
clinkety-clank.

Pitpit, pit. Pupatpat.  
Pat.  
rrrrrrrrrrraboom. BOOM! listen.

IAN GOLD





Exerpts from a novel:

## **Calydonia,**

by Brendan Hughes

An introduction to the characters of Ethan and Calydonia: it's all about your average Joe Sensitive, crunchy Granola, super- chunk- peanut- butter, peace rally, low cholesterol, high fiber, mother-joke- cracking, hippie larva named Ethan. Ethan's best friend, confidant and soulmate is Calydonia. This story is about their years together through thick and thin, and their evolution into one person...in this Hell that is high school.

I have 25 teeth.

## **Chapter Two**

Ethan Crossey, the confused eighth grader, walks up to Calydonia and asks her out with shaking flowers held in sweaty hands.

"Calydonia, will you go out with me?"

"No."

"Okay."

"What are you doing this weekend?"

"What?"

"Are you busy this weekend?"

"Uh. . . no."

"You wanna see a movie?"

"Uh. . .okay."

Ethan Crossey, the even more confused but also more confident eighth grader, turns from Calydonia and smacks into a senior.

And what a date it was. The first thing he did, when he got to her house, was trip on the top stair of her porch and barrel

into the screen door. Calydonia's father, of course, opened the door while the sound of Ethan's impact was still hanging in the air. He began to laugh. Ethan dragged up his head to see a fat, red faced, balding, jolly looking, Republican type, football-in-the-backyard guy holding a beer.

Calydonia skipped in front of him.

"Hi, Ethan! Come on in." She pushed open the slightly dented door, her father did not stop laughing. Ethan was immediately charmed (the definition of his entire relationship with Calydonia's father.) Calydonia ran him into the kitchen and demanded that they have tater tots.

"Where are they?"

"In the freezer." She got a large cookie sheet and he poured out the tots onto the tray. They turned the oven on.

Calydonia's father came in. "So, Ethan, Calydonia tell me that you're a poetic freak like her." Ethan could not tell if he was kidding. "Daddy!" Ethan could not tell if she was kidding.

"You play any sports?" asked her dad. "I play little league," said Ethan excitedly, before Calydonia could say "Daddy!" again.

"Do you? What's your average?"

".077..." said Ethan meekly.

Frank spilled his beer laughing.

Ethan smiled, "I suck."

"No s--t," said Frank, still heeing, "you wanna go have a catch?"

"Well...I..." he looked at Calydonia.

"He's my date, Daddy. Besides, we'll be late for the movie."

"Well well, and what are we seeing tonight?"

Calydonia was annoyed, "The new Disney."

"Oh come on! See First Blood."

"Daddy! May I talk to Ethan alone, please?"

"Well, excuse me! I'll just be in the

other room watching the game." He left.

"Sorry about that," said Calydonia.

"Sorry about what?"

"His behavior."

"What was wrong with it?"

"Calydonia looked at him as if he was raping her cat. "What was *wrong* with it?"

"He seemed kind of nice." Ethan's discomfort was by this point spilling out of his ears. There were so many discomfort stains on the floor that Calydonia didn't even bother to get a mop and clean it up. "I think it's time we left," she said. She did not say goodbye to her father. Ethan questioned her about this when they cleared the house.

"Aren't you afraid he'll die before you see him again?"

Calydonia laughed and kissed him on the cheek. "Silly boy," she said in a funny voice. They walked for a while.

"Where's your mother?"

"She was upstairs sick like she always is."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Yeah, well, I'm used to it," said Calydonia like sandpaper.

The movie was great.

"I have an idea," said Ethan with a confident smile, "Let's walk to Copley."

"What's there?"

"You'll see..." They strolled down the lightly frosted Commonwealth Ave. with nothing but love for each other. They talked freely about themselves, each other, school, and Ireland. Ethan stopped at a car and leaned over it.

"What are you looking at?" asked Calydonia leaning over, which is what Ethan had planned. He blew as hard as he could at the car's hood and sprayed snow everywhere, including Calydonia's face.

"Aw, you suck!" said Calydonia, laughing, and they tripped each other all

the way to Copley Square and to the base of the John Hancock Building.

"That's what," said Ethan, he grabbed her hand and they floated up to the observatory. He had no idea how old he was.

The night Boston skyline went on for years. As they watched it go by, at least one part of their bodies were touching at all times. They never had to look at each other.

They said goodbye with a kiss on the cheek at the entrance to a train station, and Ethan went home with that warm furiously happy feeling in his gut. He smiled for the rest of the weekend.



## Chapter Four

"Okay, I got one," said Ethan, "what's black, white, and red, and has trouble going through revolving doors?"

"What?"

"A nun with a spear through her head."

Calydonia and five people around her in the classroom either laughed or groaned. For a period, there was the loud din of excited freshmen in their homeroom all talking at once. Suddenly a sunbeam burst through the window and Calydonia,

who was supplying most of the noise, stopped talking dead in her tracks. She looked up at the window, she looked at Ethan, and said "We are not attending school today." She grabbed his hand.

They were out of the school in seconds flat. They went out to breakfast, and talked about sex for an hour and a half.

"Hey, you ever been to the end of the D line?"

"No."

"Good." She yanked his lapel and they ran for the train.

On the train they sat very close to each other. As Calydonia talked to him, her eyes would occasionally dip and look at his lips. Ethan saw her do it — every time — and he knew what it meant. He had already had his first kiss, but he was still very nervous. He tried to act suave, but this was an extremely awkward moment for him and the Senate of his brain. He got up to speak (to the Senate):

"Concerning bill W240bvd, the proposed ammendment of *"The Prohibition of Kissing Calydonia Act"* of April, Eighth grade, have we examined the matter fully?"

"Could it be," suggested Senator Heart, "that she is finally interested in a relationship?"

"Maybe there is a foreign object on the lips," said Senator Leftbrain.

"Perhaps she is horny," blurted Senator Phallus. A loud rally of support followed this remark, to which the Senator stood at attention.

"Sit down!" ordered the enraged Ethan. Senator Phallus would not comply.

Calydonia moved closer to him and kissed him softly.

Chaos in Ethan Senate! Paper airplanes were flying everywhere. Senator Phallus stood on his desk. Senator Heart had to be talked down from the chandellier.

Leftbrain was found hiding under his desk poisoning the minds of some young blood cells on a field trip. Senator Rightbrain, the Senate President and notable author, sat back and laughed with delight. Champagne bottles popped up and down the senate floor.

Calydonia slowly opened her eyes and stared at Ethan.

Ethan himself could not help but take a glass of champagne and sing along with some of the boys. There was quite a party in the Ethan Senate that day; they had been rooting for him all along.

They said nothing until ... "RIVERSIDE! RIVERSIDE STATION! LAST STOP!" The words pounded Ethan's ears as well as the moment.

"C'mon," said Calydonia, and grabbed his hand. Ethan stepped off the train and was not excited. They were in the middle of nowhere. There was the station, the woods behind it, the highway, and across the highway a field.

"What's here?" asked Ethan, in a tone he immediately regretted using.

Calydonia didn't seem to mind. "That, over there," she said, pointing to the field.

"Oh."

They ran across the highway and into the field, which turned out to be a golf course. The scene was one of the most beautiful Ethan had ever seen. The snow was as white as...well, snow. The kind one could walk on without cracking the surface. They ran to a small pond and shoe-skated as Ethan told her the story of his father.

"I have something to show you," said Calydonia behind tearful eyes. She took his hand softly and their finger folded. Ethan looked down at the mesh of their hands and saw warm blood flowing over them, making them truly one person. He looked at her with absolute, unabounding love and a tingle



in his solar plexus. She felt him at her cheek and kissed him again... they did not look where they were going.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked.

"Right there," she said, pointing to a shack jutting out of a cliff 100 yards away. Ethan became confused. Calydonia went before Ethan up the cliff. He looked at her butt as she climbed; he couldn't help that he was sexually attracted to her. This came down hard on Ethan. Hyperactive butterflies on speed appeared in his stomach. Ethan closed his eyes to avoid the pain of reality, but got it in the shin by a C-shaped rock with a vendetta. He almost fell down the cliff, but did not make a sound. He regained his balance and pulled his sock over the bleeding gash.

The shack was not exactly lavishly furnished. Ethan felt himself slipping into the world of irk. This was not a good day. Calydonia knew, as she always did, that something was wrong.

"Don't worry," she said, "it'll be alright." This time, instead of kissing him gently, she pounced on him and kissed him wildly. Ethan immediately forgot that half of his organs even existed. Time exploded, space whirled, angels wept. The warm, smooth flesh of her tongue was like nothing he had ever hoped for. The surge of life rushing through him almost made him wet his pants. They began to spin in infinity, and a painting of the moment was put up in the halls of the gods.

The day changed everything, the day changed nothing.

## CHAPTER SIX

### The TV Man

"Has the TV man come, daddy?  
Has he?"

"Not yet, dear, I'll wake you."  
In ragged clothes, he walks at night  
Citizens peer out of windows, and  
Open kitchen doors. He sees none of  
them,  
little boys hand him coins as he does his  
duty.

He bears his birthmarks of blue flickers  
with indifference  
As fathers wake their daughters to see  
A grown man passing by, giving them a  
glimpse

Of what will come, what will most definitely come...  
"Ooh, do you see him daddy? Do you see  
him?"

"Yes I do, sweetheart, we can all see  
him..."

Calydonia 4/87



## Chapter 26

"The worst job I ever had," begins Calydonia on Ethan's little brother's talk show, "was in the fish market. Oh, it was horrible. My dad got me that job. I spent two months straight waking up at 6:30, going to hell for eight hours, and gutting fish, five days a week. And my boss was such a bitch. She could never lower her voice below a screech, and she never stopped talking. She never inhaled, and she would talk about absolutely nothing. Once I had the luck of working in the potato cell, instead of fish, where I usually worked, but I had the misfortune of sharing my time with her. She spent the entire time switching back and forth between how badly I was peeling the potatoes and her favorite episode of Kojak. Believe me, Brian, fish markets are not the place to be."

"You're not the happiest person, are you?"

"Of course I am. I'm the second happiest person I know."

"Who's the first?" Brian asked.

"You," she tickled him.

Brian was in heaven. Calydonia was the only girl in the world Brian was in love with that he could be himself around.

"We'll be back after these messages," he said.

"You love your video camera, don't you?" asked Calydonia.

"Not as much as I love you," he said. She laughed.

"Are you and Ethan in love?"

"Brian, how many times have you asked me this?"

"176. How many times have you answered me directly?"

"176."

"Ohhhh, soclose; I'm sorry, the an-

swer is zero. Thanks for playing."

A silence. She was thinking.

"Well?"

"How can the same person be in love?"

"I see." He didn't know whether to be disappointed or encouraged. "I love you," he said in his confusion. She was used to this.

"I love you, too...platonically," she said, before he could say "You *do*?"

"And we're back," he said, "I'm here with Calydonia, a very interesting young woman. Now, during the commercial break, correct me if I'm wrong, you said you wanted to have my baby. Is that correct?"

"That's correct. Would you like to start a small company and spend the rest of our happy lives struggling just enough to stay interested?"

Brian was beside himself. "Erg," he uttered. There was a silence. Calydonia realized what she had done. "Will you deliver my eulogy?" he asked.

She was moved. "I'd love to."

Brian just stared at her.

"Do you want some tea?" she asked.

"Sure."

Brian remembered perfectly the day he knew Calydonia was the woman for him. In an ambulance of all places.

\* \* \*

Brian slowly regained consciousness.

Calydonia's face came into focus. He didn't know where he was for a second, then it all came back to him.

"How's Bill?" he demanded urgently.

"He's all right. Everything's going to be all right."

"What happened?"

"You were shot."

"I was WHAT?"

"...shot."

"WHERE?"

"Your ear."

He reached up and touched the bandage around his head.

"Where's my mother," he demanded, "Why are you here?"

"I'm right here, Brian," said his mother on the other side of him.

"Does it hurt?" she asked. She had been crying.

"Not really," he said.

Calydonia filled up.

"Where is Bill? What happened to Bill?" Brian began to panic. Bill was his best friend.

"It's all right, he's in another ambulance."

"So he was hit?"

"Yes, through the arm," said the paramedic.

"**Through** the arm?"

"Yes, you were hit by the same bullet."

Brian's eyes opened wider than they had ever opened before. The word "bullet" hit hard. He realized he actually *was* shot. He felt his bandage again.

They arrived at the hospital and the doors flew open. Calydonia kissed him on the forehead just at they pulled him out of the ambulance. As he was rushed into the E/R, he caught a glimpse of Bill being taken out of his ambulance. He began to panic at the sight of the blood on Bill. He was rushed down a corridor. He remained awake as the doctors cut and stitched. The entire time, he persistently asked the doctors about Bill.

When he was set up in his hospital room, which Bill and he would later share, Brian's nerves were racked. His mother came in.

"Are you okay, honey?"

"I'm fine, mom." He wanted to see Calydonia.

"Are you sure, sweetie?"

"Yes." He wanted to see Calydonia.

"Is there any pain?"

"Mom, I love you, but I'm at a rebellious point in my maturity right now, so any attempt at consolation would be idle." He felt bad about saying such a thing, but it was the only way he'd get his mother off of his back.

"Well, alright."

"May I see Calydonia?" His mother began to understand.

"Okay, I'll just go to the bathroom. I'll be right back." She left. Calydonia.

"How are you feeling, sweetie?" she asked.

"Just cut the crap, Calydonia, we're getting married. Help me out of this bed and we'll make an escape."

She laughed. "You aren't in any pain are you?"

"None. Let's go." He was out of bed.

"Come on, we'll have none of that, I can't marry a dead man."

"No, I suppose not." He was back in bed. "Have you heard anything about Bill?"

"Well, it's sort of bad news I'm af-"

"What? What?"

"Oh, don't worry, he's going to live, but his arm may be paralyzed... He's pretty weird y'know."

"How's that?"

"The doctors told us he kept sticking his finger into the hole in his arm that the bullet made."

"Oh, gross!"

Ethan thundered in. "Hi. I just got here. I heard what happened."

"Yup," said Brian, "shot in the ear, blew it clear off." He laughed and looked at Calydonia, who was not laughing. He got the message and shoved his hand under his bandage before she could stop him. He felt dried blood, he felt some stitching wire sticking out of his skin, he felt a huge surge of pain, but he did not feel much of an ear.

"Holy S—t!"

"You'll reopen it!" yelled Calydonia as she yanked his hand from under the gauze bandage.

"Sorry."

"May we be alone for a second?" asked Ethan of Calydonia.

"Sure," she said. She left.

Ethan pulled up a chair, and began.

"Brian, when I was driving over here, all I could think was that you'd been killed. That really scared me. I didn't want you to die without me saying some things I have to say. First of all, I want to apologize for the way I treat you sometimes, and I know we're jerks to each other a lot. But I really hate it when we are. It makes me so far away. And it makes out good times awkward...I love you, you little loser."

"I love you too, you big jerk."

They laughed and embraced.

"Does this resolve anything?" asked Brian.

"I don't think so," said Ethan.

"Are we still going to fight?"

"Let's try not to."

"Dice," said Brian. They triumphed. Their mother came in.

"Are you guys okay?"

"Yeah," said Brian, "I'm sorry about what I said."

"It's all right."

They were all thinking the same thing: this is all very corny.

Brian eventually forced his family to go home (he received a special goodbye from Calydonia.) Bill finally came in. And eventually *his* family did, too. Then Bill forced them to leave. Bill and Brian were left alone.

"How's your arm?"

"You wanna see me stick my finger through it?"

"Hell no."

"Aw, they sewed it up anyway. I could see my fingertip on the other side."

"That's really nasty."

They lay in silence.

"Do you remember what happened?" Brian said abruptly.

"Not exactly. I remember watching TV, turning to see you bringing in the drinks, and the next thing I knew, I was in an ambulance with blood all over me."

"How much did you lose?"

"Pint and a half. You?"

"Three quarters. Feel dizzy?"

"Rather...Do you think they'll make us clean up your TV room?"

"Probably...what the police think happened is that just a random drive-by shooting came through my window, got you through the arm, and then took my ear off."

"Off?"

"Yeah."

"I'm really sorry, Brian."

"It's okay, it hasn't sunk in yet."

They spent the remainder of the night talking about what happened, what kids would think at school, how they would be welcomed back, sex, and Calydonia. Despite the situation, it was one of the greatest times he had ever had with Bill.

\*

\*

\*

"Mint or herbal?" called Calydonia from the kitchen.

"Whichever is more unhealthy."

She laughed and brought him some mint tea. They drank for a while. The camera was running.

"What does Calydonia mean?"

"It means Scotland. What does Brian mean?"

"Hep Cat."

"I see."

"I was just thinking about the night



I was shot."

"You can hardly notice the ear is gone with your new haircut."

"Oh, thanks. You like it? I didn't think you noticed."

"Noticed? Of course I noticed; it's the best haircut you've ever had."

"Thanks. Nice semicolon."

"Thanks."

They drank for a while. The camera was running.

"Who came up with the name Calydonia?"

"My mother."

A silence.

"Did you know me when she died?" asked Calydonia.

"Um...I don't think so," said Brian.

"I think Ethan did. God, that was a morning." (Calydonia was not a morning person.) "I was in this very peaceful sleep, when my father shook me and whispered, 'get up, sweetheart, mom is very sick.' It was about 5:30. I got dressed and went downstairs. I found my brother and my

aunt in the kitchen. Justice was staring out the window. My father and our live-in nurse were upstairs with my mother. The next hour...I must have been running on batteries, because I can't remember anything."

Brian kept waiting for her to say something like, "Why am I telling you all this?" But she never did.

"My father came downstairs, crying for the first time I had ever seen. He didn't have to say she was dead. We all had to fend for ourselves emotionally for the rest of the day. And then...that afternoon...I found my father alone in the kitchen, having a moment's peace." She began to cry. "And — I guess I needed someone to blame — I began screaming at him at the top of my lungs for waking me up and not letting me sleep through it. At that point, he was a widower and *not* a father, so he just yelled right back. That was the last fight we ever had while I was scared of him. Because after that, I knew he was human.

They drank for a while.

The camera clicked off.





## Camerashot

"Four ball in the corner pocket," announced the man as he slid the cue stick between his fingers before sending the brilliantly colored balls crashing across the table. He smiled as he watched the ball fall into the corner pocket as he had predicted, but quickly resumed concentration as he moved about the table for another shot. I focused in on him as he made the next shot. A white hat shaded his thoughtful eyes and round face. The sleeves of his off-white long sleeve shirt were pushed partway up, exposing his freckled arms. In the breast pocket a dark handkerchief was neatly tucked. Long dark slacks covered his bow legs, and a pair of shiny black shoes held in his crooked toes. With a quick move he sent the balls flying once again.

Turning, I focused on another man, similar in stature. He stood by the table slightly hunched over with one hand in his pocket and the other grasping his cue stick. He watched as the balls spun across the table, one dropping into the intended pocket. I drew him closer. His eyes rolled at each successful shot, and I could see his full pale lips moving, continuously muttering. "Lucky shot...Beginners luck..." I couldn't make out the exact words.

Panning the room I stopped on a blur beside me. Slowly the faces of the two men appeared. They talked as they casually watched the game. "Started my tomatoes today. Good day to plant..." As I listened to their agricultural conversation, I scanned the rest of the room. It was more of a shelter than a room, three walls made of a thick textured plastic and a low ceiling constructed with a similar material. I shifted my focus upwards. Two rows of fluorescent lights hung there, now of no use with sunlight streaming from the open wall and muted

light coming through windows in the other three.

I looked past the pool table into the bright Arizona sunshine. Straight ahead lay a narrow street line with suspiciously similar motor homes. The midday sun reflected off their aluminum walls. The identity of each was held in the wooden name plate by the door and an occasional variety in the cacti planted in the small plot of sand under the family name: "Michael and two century plants, Johnson and a saguaro, Forbes and a pickly pear cactus. I pulled the trailers to me as I continued down the asphalt road until I could no longer make out the names. Abruptly the monotony stopped. I was met with an image of a chain link fence and a row of palm trees majestically framed by Superstition Mountain looming in the distance.

The crack of a new set being broken pulled me back into the room. The second man stood hunched over the table. With one eye closed he carefully calculated his shot. I focused in on the cue ball. He lightly tapped it. I watched it knock the seven ball and followed it across the taut green cloth. Continuing past the pocket, the seven ball came to a halt. The man shook his head in disgust and reluctantly surrendered the table to his familiar foe.

Raspily the voice at my side continued. "Saw a pickup yesterday...just like the old one from the farm...Haven't seen one like that in a long time..." The man by his side grunted in agreement.

Standing up, the vista expanded. I wanted to cram everything into my view. Perched precariously on tip-toe, I caught the nose of the man beside me, a freckled arm, the cue ball, the rolling eyes, part of a textured wall, and a saguaro. Click.

Inga Ellertson



Literally,  
The moon sat me down commanding,  
Listen.

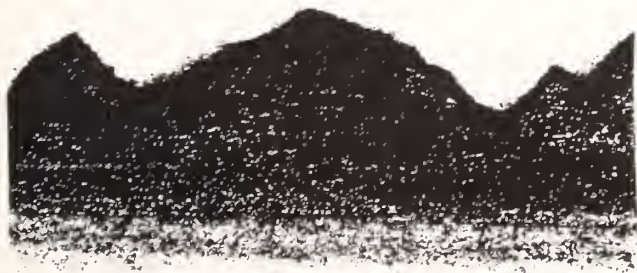
The whole of yellow fullness urged,  
Listen.

Poised to occur  
Where light begot texture:  
The rocks  
The sand  
The water  
The wind.

Listen.  
Again the moon revealed,  
Listen.

But I,  
Always irked by mime,  
Presumed to go quietly  
So as not to disturb the truth.

Rosalie O'Brien





As Yet Untitled

To live in a land  
of locusts and lambs  
lulls not  
the withered spirit.

Herald the trumpets!  
Each killing  
and each cry  
of the children  
is part of the succession  
of drum beats  
of anticipation!

Burst for the heavenly signs-  
trilled,  
twittered,  
gilled...

Roll the scarlet carpet  
for the time is at hand!  
Prepare  
for the time is at hand!  
The time of anticipation  
Spans ( to the Eternal)  
but a single grain of sand. Amen.

Crystal Coleman

Treasure (for B.R.)

"Here she is arrived on the other side of  
the world"  
as torched cars blaze prejudice on the  
streetcorner  
28 degrees in the most artificial blue sky  
( the age of majority plus ten twentysom-  
ething)  
black and white photos echoing acoustic  
guitar teardrops sapphire diamond eyes  
and sneaker prints on  
rainslicked highways, very far from  
anywhere else, in the woods, I think.

My bed is warm, solitary warm  
in side the holy trinity of October, Novem-  
ber, and December  
a long way from February.

Beth Moloney

A single brick  
in a metropolis,  
A single blade of grass  
In a vast field  
A clear crystal drop of water  
In an ocean  
Without the brick  
Would the imposing edifice  
fall?  
Maybe not  
But a blast of cold air  
Would seep through.

Malka Ann Older

## Samuin

Liminal,  
Betwixt and between.  
Changelings in lonely places,  
Away with the fairies.

Twilight in a field  
The fifteen year old giving birth  
Centuries of shadow taking birth.  
They died there and once again  
Were dispatched to Limbo.

Never throw water out of the house after dark.

Dawn on the sea  
The fisherman reels in the net,  
Among the mackerel is a baby.  
Entangled there like seaweed,  
Cast into the water, unbaptized.

Never call the Shidhe by name, they are always  
present.

Halloween in bed  
The widow sleeps, an outlaw to the inlaw  
Who comes with kerosine.  
She burnt there and unlike him  
Met no acquittal in judgement.

Never recover spilled milk, it may be needed  
where it falls.

Easter in Armagh,  
His mother tears crab grass  
Nourished by the anorexic soldier.  
Buried there in unhallowed earth,  
Politics of anguish and amnesia.

Never wade beyond the Pail to Magh Mell.  
Damned from Heaven,  
Saved from Hell.

Liminal,  
Betwixt and between.  
Changelings in lonely places,  
Away with the fairies.

*Magh Mell*- In Irish Folklore, Land of the Unseen,  
the Invisible World, separated from human life.

*Samuin*- Pagan period of seasonal rotation.

*Shidhe*-The Fairy world of Ireland, also called the  
gentry.

The incidents depicted in this poem are founded in  
fact.

Rosalie O'Brien

## Dream 'scape

An awakening, to All images fast  
And fleeting quickly while the  
future is mastering the past

Times of old, fantasies are All  
pasted silhouettes come

Forth to darken our intellectual  
foreshadowing of light,

Though some  
Resist divine sight. All creates  
all,

And gives us our dreamscape.

And what is a dream but reality  
inverted

As All sets out souls to a good  
working by morn.

Malik Bradford

the red experience

in these quiet pages  
my words of the past rest  
inscribed  
i will remember always  
what you will one day  
forget.  
perhaps what you  
have forgotten  
already.  
of the nights i watched  
you sleeping  
breathing the words  
you could never utter  
awake.

'all we ever wanted was everything'

i have smelled you.  
your essence *l - i - n - g - e - r - s*  
in my empty perfume bottle.  
your melody remains and

returns

in

circular

...motions

around  
the disc of  
my records —

but my hair  
grows long.  
my fingers  
are tired  
of feeling  
for you out there —  
and i wish  
to smell you  
no more.

Anonymous

One bursts:

"Argh! I need to get out of this  
school!

It's this school."

And the babies of '72 - '73 clench their  
fists,  
lock their jaws and grind their teeth as  
streamlined systems  
mercilessly thrust  
their propaganda  
dogmatic  
inflexible  
relentless  
into our  
psyches.

1990-1991: The year they bust our soci-  
political  
cherries while we stifled our screams of  
helplessness, rage and shame of violation.

1990-1991: From hope conceived of viola-  
tion,  
we generate change.

Antionette Eng



overstating understated emotions  
(in continual progress while lines blur further)

**theme:** Big Brother America pickin' fights again and again with little giants. And He's not getting his  
ass *kicked* this time.

They say the sixties has so much to give to  
Us (but who's that?)  
Until King and Bobby K. were shot in '68.  
(But i was a seed of a seed then...or somebody else.)

Grab that poor man's thumb..."Break it if you have to!"

Sirhan Sirhan one crazy Arab with one gun  
maimed a nation for life.  
"You Can Make A Difference!"

(And i just know what the tapes tell and that's enough to make Manhood today and Womynhood today  
sob sob sob)  
It was It is  
a reverse Crusade! a paradox Crusade!  
an American Crusade!

So now mad sad Insane (gory blood and gory blood to come on not just puny, hardguy, pencil-necked-  
geek, demented image of father figure, stilted, uneloquent, how-could-anyone-with-the-right-to-  
vote-elect-this-guy?, President...but on ignorant, gung-ho, and forgetting to remember, beerbellied, snitty  
intellectual, apathetic America's tired and broken, sooty and gnarled and riddled and drugged out of  
here hands) comes cloaking (camouflage) bloody sandy snarling rapacious on the people.

But We Should See:

It's an impersonal war.

(Until you see somebody's son and somebody's brother downed then beaten and humiliated with  
bloated eyes and the President tells you this won't change a thing nohow "We're gonna prosecute this  
war," as if it was a good thing to say that.

Until somebody scuds your momma.)

It'll be a quick war, not a Vietnam.

(It feels like a nation of time.

And if it's long someone screwed up and body bags make jobs and who will it help if a million  
educated guessers have to eat their words in public?

And if it is short we were doing the right thing (not the wrong thing) all along and were damn  
proud of it.

And it's not Vietnam. It looks almost worse...or at least just as bad...and that's worse -  
says beautiful History)

That Saddam madman hussein insane comes on so very strange and We have got to stop  
him before the Nostradamus Doom.

(Tell Israel we'll  
call  
her later.)

— All these people need is a democracy. And then we'd beat the bible into them by God. And with any  
luck all the world would have our problems.

And the press sings: lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies,  
lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies.  
And the government sings: lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies,  
lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies.

The private public sits on sofas with potato chips and grief  
and smiles grateful at the packaged government and the mutimedia  
and say

that's OK because  
they have to

f--- you.

Cause what to do when you're feeling blue and you know you have to get laid? Cause what to do when  
your rent is due and you know you're not gettin' paid? Cause what to do when she ain't talkin to you an'  
some things just have to be said? Cause what to do when you're sniffin glue and you need somethin  
stronger for your haid? Cause what to do when hubby gonna sue casue you're not spreadeagle on his  
baid? Cause what to do when you're goin to school but you don't have no financial aid? Cause what to do  
when Johnny's **You** an' you have to realize Big Brother is Daid?

tell lies.

While insane hussein saddam madman comes on and on and on

— To tell you the truth I would give in:

Find Harold and his purple crayon and him and me maybe could draw us a quick ship to out 'a here  
thank god and leave that morality viper with his black fangs lodged in the nation's failing spiritual  
jugular far behind. But I can't:

can't believe we'll have a hard time  
pounding a bleak eyed freak into a desert  
In a world we do not understand.  
couldn't believe we couldn't rip  
Communism out of a swamp.  
In a world we did not understand.

**nocomparisonnocomparisonnocomparisonnocomparisonnocomparison**

**upset note:** I think old Bush looks like the hornrimmed peanutbutter kid that hung around mindless  
popular teenage conversations until he could stick his **nose** into them. (And his wife looks just too much  
like that kid's mom...and Reagan is his daddy.)

**ironic comment:** Rally up for apple pie and ice cream and Chervrolet, Crest and Coors! Rally up for  
grandma and Redman tobacco (no, **no**, not Redman — Skoal, **Skoal**) rally up for Republicans and  
Democrats and Crack Cocaine and Uzi's Israeli made, rally for our Pepsi, the choice of this sad genera-  
tion, and our Jesse Helmses. Rally for Sitcoms and Soaps. Rally for the NRA and Jesus Christ! (jesus  
christ!) Show those turbans and that maniac that we, as a country united distracted, will stop for noth-  
ing to protect ignore our Truths.

**epilogue:** ba rrump pa pum pum

Sifting through confusing newses and histories one child here cannot make sense of it all -ratatat tat-  
afraid to have a voice without intellectualism coursing highvelocity through it -ratatat tat- seeing this  
beautiful Country I'm almost ready to call my own, seething in airless blind bureaucratic filth -ratatat  
tat- from its schools to its governments -ratatat tat- but what to do what to do what to do -ratatat tat-  
when you're feelin' blue -ratatat tat- and your frowning frenetic Country -ratatat tat- tells you you're  
faithless and wrong?

**DEAD WRONG**

IAN GOLD





January 15, Deadline

"War"

That barbarism of the ages,  
That condemnation of all sages,  
That whose history fills pages upon pages  
Is War.

That which fills the skies with flame  
And makes the good man lame,  
That which fools look at as a game  
And only wise men recognize as a shame,  
Is War.

That which robs man of the power of  
reason  
Yet when evaded is looked upon as trea-  
son,  
That which makes children cry  
As they watch their fathers suffer and  
die,  
That which stirs in parents sadness and  
hate  
When they learn of their children's fate,  
Is War.

Death and Damnation  
The end of Creation  
Is personified by each nation  
At War.

Rainer Paine

Dead — life taken for land  
Line — line in the sand  
we succumb to evil  
we do not love  
God, nor our enemies  
nor our neighbors nor ourselves.

Must the thirst for power and  
might  
be quenched with the blood of those  
who fight?  
why o why to what purpose to what  
end  
what meaning in the ways  
they foolishly do not mend  
is there reason why the pain  
what is it they hope to gain?

Some are killing some are dying  
some are hating, others crying,  
many hopeless, many mourning,  
for in a tomb a dear one's laying,

one in darkness humbly praying:  
"amid all this there's souls You're  
saving"

-Emily Parker

## A World from above Treeline

As Thayer came around the shoulder of the mountain, head bent to avoid the snow and to watch his footing, he was blown half way off the trail. He caught himself on a boulder, thinking that it would be foolish for him to get hurt while he was getting help for his brother. Peering through the clouds, he saw a summit cairn. He picked his way along the trail, avoiding ice and bracing himself for the gusts. Once he was safely in the lee of the mammoth pile of rocks, he turned to see where he was. The splintered sign atop the cairn read: "Mt. Eisenhower"; a silver plank on the rocks read: "Elev. 4761." Mt. Eisenhower, then. Half a mile from where he'd left Phil on that little nameless peak.

Thayer folded his map and settled himself for a rest. The day's events went through his mind. He and his brother were on a four-day trip down the Presidential Range, celebrating his brother's return from the war with Iraq. Phil had gotten him up in mid-morning at Lakes of the Clouds Hut for their third day of hiking. It had been a wonderful morning, clear, all the peaks in their glory and even Washington in sight whenever they stopped to look back. From the top of Mt. Monroe they had seen storm clouds rising to the Northwest, but they had continued on, dismissing the very thought of snow in October, and on such a beautiful day. Each brother had used an entire roll of film by noon. After lunch on Mt. Franklin, it had begun to snow little white grains, blinding when driven by the wind. Phil had been hurrying down the ridge when he slipped on a patch of ice. He couldn't walk; his ankle was probably broken. Thayer had gotten him into a sleeping bag, left most of his own gear behind, and set off down the trail for help. That had been an hour ago; he was making reasonable good time. Icy trails and snow driven by sixty-mile-per-hour winds were not exactly ideal hiking conditions.

After about five minutes, Thayer left his shelter. He had to reach Mazpah Spring Hut before three if there was to be any chance of rescuing Phil that day. At the junction with Eisenhower Bypass Trail, the other end of which he'd missed in the snow, he noticed that the storm was dying down. By the time he reached the next nubbin, the gritty snow had stopped entirely. The clouds were whipping by before the wind. To the north, the tiny spruce trees were green. To the south, they were white. Looking closely, he noticed that the storm had plastered an inch of snow to the upwind branches of each tree and

none to the downwind ones. Snow stuck out of the north side of every downwind object in sight. It was awe-inspiring; Thayer thought that if God existed on earth, this was one who would see him. At any rate, he would have liked to run into God just then, since no one else seemed to be on the trail and he needed help.

Without snow in his face, progress was easier. He strode along the path, scarcely believing that this landscape was real. He could see no more than a hundred yards, so the summit of Mt. Peirce took him by surprise. The Mizpah cut off left the main path right after the summit, turning south. Now only the white sides of the trees could be seen. The trail grew steeper. Thayer reminded himself once again to take care; his brother could survive the night, but he'd be hungry and uncomfortable. After an almost cliff-like stretch, there was an overlook between the trees. As Thayer noticed that the trees were getting bigger, the clouds thinned. He caught sight of the vague shape of the ridge to the south. They parted completely. He could see the sun shining on the Dry River Wilderness. The leaves below were yellow, orange, red, more beautiful than they had ever seemed before. He sat down to look. The rivers and the ice on the mountaintops were shining. All the tourists were in their cars, leaving their hotels on the North Conway strip to drive up to Crawford Notch one day, and down the Kancamagus Highway the next, saw nothing compared to this view.

The hut was right down the trail. He hurried along, rejuvenated by the amazing view he had been granted.

\*\*\*\*

The AMC hut crew at Mizpah Spring reported that on October 10, 1991, they assisted Thayer Mallory Sherman in the rescue of his injured brother, Lt. Cmdr. Philips Sherman, USNR.

Sam Martland

COSMIC KNIT

Fragmented spider webs sit upon my  
head,  
Causing the static on the fine tuning  
we're used to seeing;  
The way we're used to being...  
Mangling the clutter that pours out of my  
head.  
So I place my hat upon my head to keep  
in the innocence that comes from the  
depths of my being,  
And to keep that purity, which we all  
have within,  
From being stripped and raped in this  
world full of sin.  
I take off my hat, they're no longer there,  
No longer are there spiders spinning in  
my hair.  
I close my eyes as I start to sleep, pictur-  
ing the chaos, the order, the ying, the  
yang,  
The fabric interwoven with the dirt, all  
the suffering and moreso the hurt —  
I take it all in as Somnus creeps and the  
taste on my lip tells me that I've begun to  
weep  
The brain cells to my head implode, caus-  
ing reality to shift to the right, causing  
me to hear beyond sight and taste, be-  
yond smell as I summarily take in this  
speck and it's code.  
My eyes water with the taste of the air,  
The early morning has a putrid scent to it  
causing my perception to be bent like an  
iron brick  
taking sight in ears and hearing in my  
hair.  
As I escape the established cell I realise  
that to bend with the reed means  
to be plucked like the weed  
Death prematurely as you thrive for your  
need to survive and to the others no heed  
is paid as you sit upon your cowardly  
way,  
to exist alone eternally where you dwell.

RIDE THE PHOENIX

Ride the Phoenix to the begining, when  
you're lost in life and its agonizing pres-  
sures.

The will and drive it takes to make you  
win is gone  
in a world full of chaos, terror and sin-  
ning.

Rise above it all, without sitting on  
THE CLOUD

As the shriek of speed becomes loud  
enough to him  
over all of the airwaves.

Let flames consume you, let them  
sing  
your very soul and burn away the flesh  
you wear  
until it becomes charcoal ashes which  
blow away in the wind.

Ride the Phoenix once and you'll  
never need to again.

Syr-Ivan Bennett



November 15, 1989

Five glasses, uplifted  
Held by wine  
Natural in its  
Magnificence.

Her sweet sixteen,  
A very big deal.  
Beautiffuly, more  
eloquent than even  
the wine, He swelled,  
"She was a vision of delight,  
When first she gleamed upon my sight."

Borrowed words  
Exceeded essence.  
It swallowed her.

Now,  
Four glasses, suspended.

She is seventeen.

Rosalie O'Brien

## If Memory Serves

She had been queen just one year, exactly one year. To be truthful, she was a terrible queen. In that one year she created more havoc than anyone could have dreamed of in the last hundred years. Public and domestic affairs were a mess, the deficit grew like a weed, and taxes were higher than ever. To make matters worse, she was very, very ugly. She had weak little wisps of tangled yellow hair, faded yellow skin, weighed 350 pounds and drooled consistently. Although this didn't count against her character (which was bad enough anyway), it didn't do much for what little charisma she had. In short, not too many people were surprised when she was assassinated.

As aforesaid, it was the anniversary of her coronation, on year after the day her reign had begun. A meager 500 or so had gathered with a rather pathetic show of loyalty, to a celebration that, in previous years, had been graced by thousands.

First on the agenda was a speech by the prime minister. Almost everyone felt sorry for the prime minister (the exception being the queen herself). His position held so much less power than that of royalty that all he could do was try to smooth over her mistakes. Next came a speech by the queen herself, which made 516 of the 517 guests sorry that they had come. The exception was a little boy swinging his legs and studying the floor pattern. He was so small that he did not know what a horrible queen she was and did not understand what awful things he was saying, so he merely watched her with an interested, yet detached air.

The last part of the celebration was the singing of the national anthem. And as the queen, with her hand up to the flag, shrilly whined the first line (she couldn't sing either), a shot rang out clearer than her

voice (which isn't saying much) and louder than a multitude, the queen dropped to the ground.

The boy had not understood the speeches and he had not understood the anthem, but he understood the gunshot and all his life he never forgot the sight of a queen falling from her throne.

\* \* \* \*

Twenty years later, the boy had a young daughter of his own, and one day when she climbed on his knee and he told her the tragic tale of the queen who had guided her realm only one year before she was killed. The girl considered the story for a while and then asked, in the way children do, "Was she a good queen, Daddy?" Her father ruffled her hair as he answered, "Well, Sweetums, she didn't have time to do much of anything, did she?"

Sweetums squirmed in thought, trying to envision this glorified queen. Having no success, she again resorted to her father, "Was she pretty, Daddy?"

He squinted, trying to remember. "Well, she was blonde and blue-eyed, she had pale skin and a fair voice. I don't think"...he squinted harder..."I don't think she weighed more than 200 pounds."

\* \* \* \*

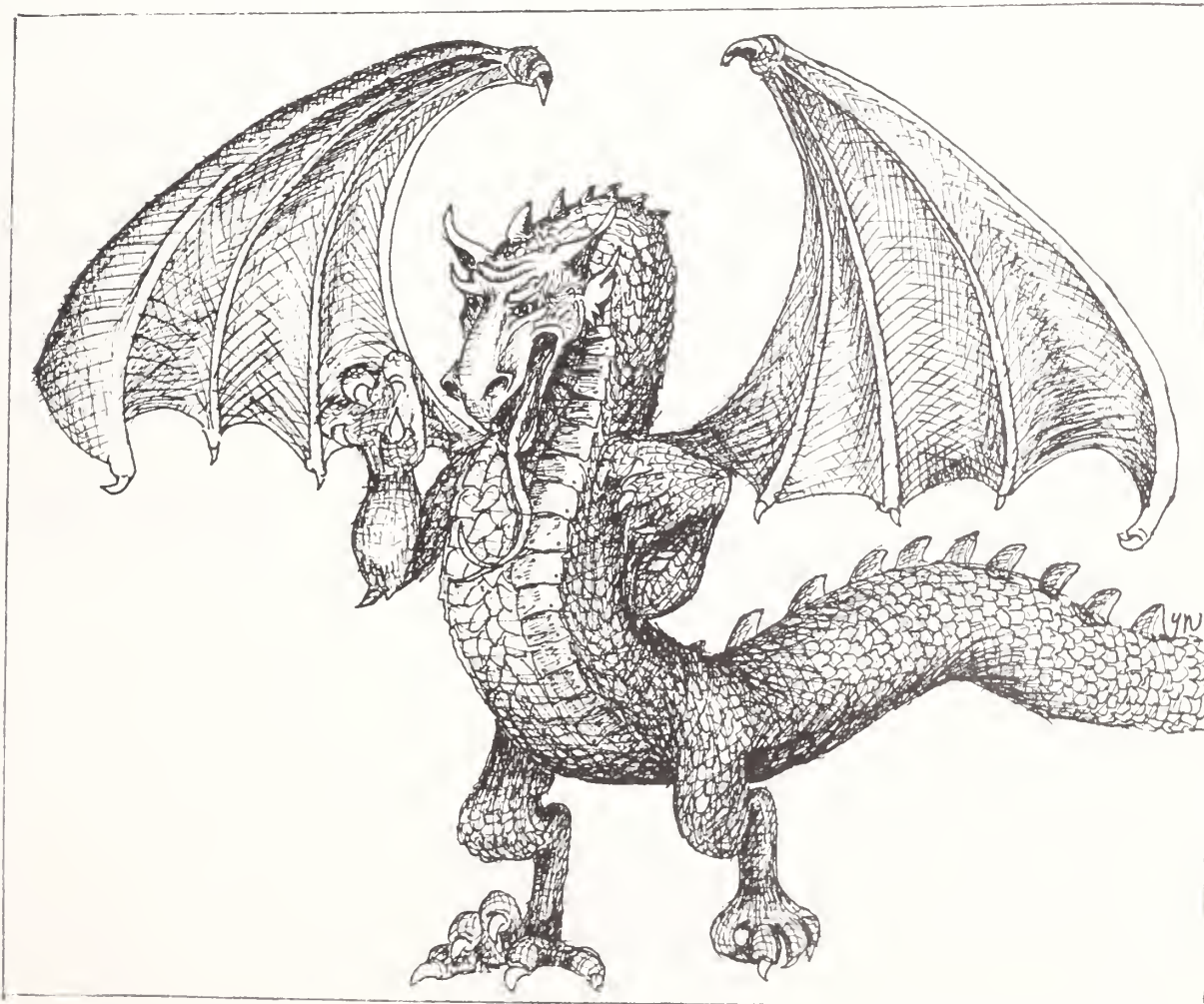
Two and a half decades later, that little girl, who had always wanted a large family, already had three boys and a girl of her own. One night when they just wouldn't go to sleep, their mother, who had a flair for story telling, told them a sad, sad story. "Once upon a time there was a beautiful young queen. She had lovely golden hair, clear blue eyes, a gorgeous complexion, and a perfect figure. She was good and kind too. She wanted to be the best queen that ever ruled the kingdom and oh, she was. But



only for one year. On the anniversary of her coronation, as she sang the anthem with her clear, sweet voice, she prayed in her heart that everyone might love her. And everyone did. Almost everyone that is, for even as she prayed for love, she was shot and killed by an assassin. That night the whole country wept for their brave martyr queen."

And that night those four children wept for a queen that had never been.

Malka Ann Older





The Night of the Green  
Dragon

This mysterious night of fantasy began one evening when I was lying on my parents' bed, damp from a recent bath. As I snuggled into the red and white comforter, I knew it was time to go to sleep, in my own bed. But I didn't mind, I was so warm... and sleepy... and... and...

As my father lifted me up to carry me to my room, my mother whispered, "Look, she's already asleep."

But I was awake. I sat up in my father's arms and looked around as he paused in the doorway of their room. On my right the hallway led to my chamber, but on my left there was an uncharted portion of the corridor, into which I seldom ventured, shrouded in mystery. Tonight, however, one of those mysteries chose to reveal itself. Standing in the narrow hallway like a horse in a stall was a large green dragon! It was knobby and bumpy as the plastic seahorse I played with in the bathtub, and shaped much the same way but a darker green and, oh, so much larger.

Awed, but unafraid, I reached out a small childish hand and breathlessly touched the ridged green face. My parents, smiling indulgently as if we were at a petting zoo, carried me to bed.

I lay awake, listening to the night sounds of cars and buses and everyday things while I thought about the great green dragon. A dragon seemed to me wonderful but not unbelievable. After all, who knew what might be lurking in that dark shadowy hallway?

As I lay quietly in bed, my imagination was making impossible leaps. A dragon, a green dragon. Was it a refugee from that

gallant age where knights rescued fair damsels? Had my innocent dragon been pursued by a brave young man in search of adventure? What tales he would have to tell! Dragons were wonderful creatures capable of flying through space and time and guarding great hoards of gold and jewels. Dragons could go to the moonlit world of fairies or the misty forests of the dryads. Dragons could breathe red hot fire or swim through the cool blue sea without coming up once for air. Dragons could climb high grey mountains or find lush green meadows. Kind satyrs and graceful nymphs, playful fauns and lovely naiads — all could be visited by the wonderful green dragon of mine.

It was not long after, among the honking of horns and screeching of brakes, that I could hear his clawed feet coming down the hall towards me. I squirmed with excitement. Where would he take me? Around the world and back again? But it was my father coming to wake me up, and was not that even better?

Malka Ann Older

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# Young at Arts

Young at Arts, the educational outreach program of The Wang Center for the Performing Arts, has succeeded in involving 40,000 people in the performing and visual arts during the past three years. The main intent of Young at Arts is to involve school children in the performing and visual arts - as performers, as painters, and as audience. A variety of workshops and performances by local and national artists are conducted in public schools and at The Wang Center. A second purpose of the program is to provide tickets at a reduced price to those in financial need - children, the elderly, and the physically challenged. Through "Art by Kids," the annual art contest, the City of Boston has begun a cultural exchange with the city of Amsterdam, sharing the artwork of students from both cities and planning additional concerts and exhibits.

## DRAMA CLUB

More than 40 high school students from throughout the Boston area have attended sessions of the Young at Arts Drama Club, which began meeting in the fall. Students have brought enthusiasm, commitment, and many ideas to the theater on Monday afternoons. Although the work is primarily improvisational, a production is scheduled for the end of this season.

Established teachers of acting in the Boston area lead drama workshops on Monday afternoons from 3:30 to 5 p.m. at The Wang Center. The only requirement for membership is an interest in acting. All high school students are welcome.

Spring sessions are scheduled for March 4, March 11, March 18, March 25, April 1, April 8, April 22, April 29, and May 6.

Young at Arts and the City of Boston's Office of Arts and Humanities will offer a literary contest, "Words by Kids," for the first time this spring. Students, grades 9-12, in Boston and surrounding communities are invited to participate. The theme of the contest, as suggested by high school students, is "Heroism: Heroes and Anti-Heroes." Deadline for submissions is April 15.

Words  
by  
Kids

The outstanding panel of judges includes: Gail Caldwell, journalist and book editor of the Boston Globe; Ivan Gold, novelist and teacher; Gail Mazur, poet and teacher; Peter Mehegan, WCVB television host and journalist; Pam Moore, WBZ television anchor and journalist; Lloyd Schwartz, poet, classical music editor of the Boston Phoenix, and teacher; Robert Stone, novelist; Lester Strong, WHDH television anchor and journalist; Nancye Tuttle, Lowell Sun journalist and teacher; Dan Wakefield, novelist and journalist; and Bill Weber, arts managing editor of the Boston Herald.

*For more information about Young at Arts, call 482-9393.*